Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech; stand aside, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, I faith.

Fal. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake, Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it, as like one of these harlotrie plaiers, as euer I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou spendest thy time: but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing sonne to mee, art thou so pointed at? shall the blessed sonne of heauen, prooue a nicher, and eat blacke-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the son of England, proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: so doth the cõpanie thou keepest: for Harry, now I doe not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure, but in passiõ; not in words onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man i faith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleasing eie, & a most noble carriage, & as I think, his age some fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember mee, his name is *Falstaffe*: if that man should bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstaffe*, him keepe with, the rest banish: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where hast thou bin, this month?

Prin.

19. sunne

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king? do thou stand for
ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe so grauely, so ma
ly both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles fo
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Fals. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prin. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fals. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuou

Fals. Zblood, my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tickle
yong prince I faith.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth ne
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, ther
uill haunts thee, in the likenesse of an olde fat man, a tu
is thy companion: why doest thou conuerse with that t
hunours, that boultinghutch of beastlinesse, that swoln
of dropsies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuft cloa
guts, that rosted Manningtree Oxe with the pudding i
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father ruf
vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taste sacke &
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat i
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villani
in villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in
Fals. I would your grace would take mee with you,
meanes your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of yo
staffe, that olde white bearded Sathan.

Fals. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know, thou doest.

Fals. But to say, I know more harme in him then in
were to say more then I know: that he is old, the mor
tie, his white haires doe witnesse it, but that he is sauing
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke a
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to be old and mer
thē many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, my g
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Poines, but for sw